

THE DEATH OF THE BIG NIGGER.

Moretz Mills, N. C.
Ed DEMOCRAT:

Having read in the *Enterprise* not long since an account of the death of a negro that weighed 849lbs., she was evidently the largest negro of whom I ever heard save two. One of those resides in Ashe co. N. C. near the town of Jefferson. His age or weight is unknown to me, but I am reliably informed that he has been domesticated at, or near, that point for more than a century, and his weight can not fall short of a ton. His generosity is unequalled in the world, for of his bountiful substance thousands of men and animals have eaten and have quenched their thirst from his crystal fountain. The poor who have been driven by misfortune to call upon him for succor have never been turned away empty. His kind and benevolent disposition is such that all who know him love him, and even the wildest animals when chased by their adversaries fear not to flee to him for refuge. When the wild ashe deer is chased by its pursuers until almost exhausted it often plays round his feet as if to say "I fear no danger when thou art near." The honest cock-robber the favorite game of stripling sportsman, often shelters in his bosom and cheers the weary traveler with his loud querulous note. Many have been the visitors from almost every quarter who in their eager pursuits of pleasure and curiosity have greatly excited their admiration by feasting their eyes upon him. The itinerant divine who has left his home and those he so dearly loves and traversed vale and hill, heavy burdened with the care of souls, when looking upon his huge and rugged structure is made to exclaim "great and marvelous are thy works." When human avarice and envy have grown to such a diabolical rage that contending hosts meet in battle array, the roar of cannon, the deadly sound of the musket, and the mournful shrieks of the unfortunate who are falling upon every side fill the air, he becometh not excited, but in all he does glorifies his creator.

This venerable old darkey! Through the stormy tempest of a thousand winters have played upon him and the deep toned thunders have rolled around him and the vivid lightning, flashed and shook their fiery darts upon him, yet he stands as a mighty monarch unshaken, and shows no symptoms of disease.

The other resides in the U. S. His weight is also unknown, but is greatly depreciating owing to the fact that through comparative young he is diseased with a foul and fatal leprosy. He has also been the recipient of the *legions of Devils* which have been cast out of the white men for twenty years and with these two irretrievable epidemics he is much contaminated. Many eminent physicians have tried their utmost skill and brought no relief to the poor sufferer, it is generally believed his death will occur the 6th. of Nov.

Now to this big nigger, who is a white man, so

Success to Grover Cleveland.
With his young and handsome bride,
For he'll govern this great nation,

With Thurman by his side.
Success to good old Daniel,
The man of whom we read.
All people seems to prosper,
When by him they are led.

And thus we'll say to Oliver,
Through indispair he seems,
Remember good old Daniel,
Can interpret all your dreams.

For Thomas once was doubting,
The Bible reader knows,
But while he stands with Daniel
He fears no earthly foes.

Not even Jeet the murderer,
Who killed his brother Greene,
By putting him at Raleigh,
When their party did convene,

The lions are ferocious,
And love to prey on men,
But they become quite innocent,
When Daniel's in their den.

Just so 'twill be with Dockery,
And Pritchard and the rest,
For the people know that Daniel,
And his works are always blest.

Success to Winfield Farthing,
For he's a man of power.
And he winds up pretty Isaac,
In less than half his hour.

He'll serve us in the Senate,
The people seem to say,
For he decoys his competitor,
In discussions every day.

Of talent he is mighty,
Of structure very small,
But in faith he's strong and zealous,
As ever was St. Paul.

Success to T. P. Adams,
Who dwells near the hill.
Soon after the election
There's an office he must fill.

In the city down at Raleigh,
In the Legislative hall,
There's the place where T. P. Adams
Soon must labor for us all.

Success to good old David,
Who the champions always fight,
Though he's ever been victorious,
And ever for the right.

Success to Wm. Elbert,
And Alexander too,
For they are worthy gentlemen,
In all they have to do,

Success to little Hampton,
Though he is quite a youth,
He's a very noted boy,
For honesty and truth.

Success to J. C. Horton,
For I know he cannot fail,
To swallow up old Jona,
As did the mighty whale.

For Jone is disobedient,
And the truth he will not preach,
And he's fled into a vessel,
Where justice does not reach.

M. N.
Sweet Water N. C.
Oct. 17 '88.

To the DEMOCRAT:
Politics is the task. It is talked at the mills, the stores at home and on the highways. Some here who talk most about it have the least reason to give why they possess the principles they wish to advocate. We do not mean democrats of course. If the country was stired religiously as it is now politically, the world would be taken for Jesus at a storm, but men prefer darkness to light. Democracy is losing nothing in these ends, but rather on the gain. I want a long republican

that low tariff would not effect the prices of his stock, grain etc, he would vote that ticket.

We are all well pleased with our Co. and State ticket and it will be supported. Our Co. ticket will get more than its strength if men are not two faced. Shift Hayes I like, but he will certainly have to put his best foot before this time. Awhile some thought it would be a close race, but now the conclusion is reversed.

I might compliment all with equal propriety, but we will withhold our best, for the ballot box. Our Winfield Scott Farthing is on "flowery beds of ease" but he's watching while lying there. Some swim under water, some on the surface. The surface swimmer never can tell that he is beating till that other fellow pops up hence it becomes him to do his best. Let me say further in regard to Mr. Farthing; were I selecting a man to admire for honesty, industry, hospitality, and christian firmness, I would not pass him expecting to find his superior. We all know him, he was brought up here, and there can not be aught said against him, but if we all had such wives as he, we too might be better men than we are.

Eld. J. W. Farthing and L. C. Wilson are now visiting relatives in Missouri. Hope they will have a pleasant journey and soon return.

A very ugly circumstance occurred on the North Fork of Cove Creek a few days ago. Abe Harbin the distiller shot Millard Norris the store keeper in the face, the particulars of which are not here necessary to mention. Norris will likely recover. This is what that does. Oh! we had the demon from our land. Citizens of Beaver-dam Township, ye who are tried and true, and who have made this country what it is, are are you willing now to sit still amid the lowering clouds which threaten destruction to your sons and country, or will we at once order an election and vote it out of the Township? We can do it if we will. Now is the time to work before the devil gets his shackles on us. T.

W. S. Farthing, candidate for the Senate in 35th. district, composed the following stanzas of poetry last Thursday morning in Boone and repeated them on Rev. Isaac W. Landreth his opponent, in the Court House same day in his campaign speech:

There is a man of Piney Creek,
Official life he loves to seek;
Six years ago in search of fame,
To this resolve at once he came,

"I'll name myself a candidate
To go to Raleigh to legislate,
And him the voters seemed to like,
And they elected "hungry Ike."

In eighteen hundred and eighty-four,
His want of office grew the more;
Again he bounded upon the stump,
And thought to go to Raleigh plump;

But ah! the people had not forgot
His leaving Raleigh in a trot,
Ewards broke through his selfish dike,
And swept away our "hungry Ike."

In eighteen hundred and eighty six,

His love of fame to him still sticks,
He's still a standing candidate,

To go to Raleigh and be great,
But Doughton left him far behind—

About two hundred and eighty nine—
His record still the people did not like,
And down came tumbling "hungry Ike."

Again his mind begins to soar—
He craves to reach the Senate door,
And now he doth impatient wait

To hear the news of eighty eight—
November next will tell the tale,
And then we'll hear a solemn wail,

The sovereign voters will make the strike,
And they will snow under "hungry Ike."

Dark Ridge N. C.
Oct 23 1888.

We are at the threshold of an important election. Two parties in North Carolina are striving for supremacy. One is the party of monopoly and tyranny headed by boss Dockery a man who votes for negroes in preference to white farmers,

The other is the party of liberty and reform with guaranteed rights to the white men of North Carolina headed by the gallant Fowle, a man whose peer is not found in the State. One is a party of hybrids consisting of about 88 per cent thick lipped woolly headed negroes. The other is the Great white party of North Carolina which hoists upon her forehead the greatest good for the greatest number.

One is the party which believes in a high tariff and wending 140,000 dollars annually from the channels of commerce.

The other wants a reduction of duties or in other words a tariff for revenue only. And it so wisely construed as to cheapen the cost of hiring in every home.

One is the party which squandered a school fund of 600,000 dollars belonging to the poor children of North Carolina. The other is a party which by energy and economy has built up a school system in which the people of the old North State may be justly proud.

One is the party which cost our state 430,000 dollars for its services one session.

But here comes the grand old democratic party and forces the Iron bit from the stallions mouth and wisely rules our state matters at a sum not exceeding 60,000 dollars.

On ye white men of North Carolina. The echo comes from the eastern store and vibrates upon the western hills and says will you vote for a party that favors negro rule. Here stands the democratic party pleading—

pleading for the protection of our white wives and children. Our churches and schools in the language of Garibaldi of Rome let every one who loves his country enlist in the noble cause.

G. W. McGuire Jr.
Evolution in South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 16. Thirteen of the ruling elders of the Presbyterian Church in this city sent a paper to-day to the South Carolina Synod, now in session at Greenwood, protesting

against the recent action of the Charleston Presbytery. They say: "As elders and deacons of this Presbytery we beg to notify you that we do not propose to regard or be bound by the recent action of the Presbytery. We deny the right of the church to dogmatize to its officers and members on scientific subjects, and we still more deny the right of the Presbytery to forbid the discussion in public or in private or the public contending of what is considered a mistaken utterance of the General Assembly. We see nothing in the Bible that either asserts or denies that God may have adopted some process of evolution in the forming of man's body out of the dust of the ground." This action is instigated by the recent adoption of a resolution forbidding the discussion of the theory of evolution. Most of the pastors in this city side with the elders and deacons, and the Presbyterian Church is threatened with a schism.—*Messenger*.

Flat Top, N. C.
Oct. 22nd. 1888.

Ed. DEMOCRAT:
I take this liberty to inform the public that there has been false reports circulated against all the Democratic candidates from the Legislature down to the lowest candidate and we are reliable informed that there will be a score of false reports industriously circulated just on the eve of the election in every Township in the county by some of the opposing party.

I as an humble citizen of Watauga co. ask the people to keep a sharp look for the above reports, be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves for caution is the path of safety. Success to the DEMOCRAT and the party.
W. E.

The laws of N. C. (Revenue act of 1888 page 41 section) makes it binding on tax collectors to sell personal property for taxes (when there is any to be found,) before selling lands. The tax collectors are sworn to support the laws of the state. Did Sheriff Hayes violate that law when he sold over three thousand acres of land without making a single levy on personal property. Was he ignorant of that law or was he misled by his attorneys Green and Linney? These are questions for him to answer, or the people will answer for him on the 6th. day of Nov.

Did Sheriff J. L. Hayes advertise and offer for sale two tracts of land when the tax was only ten cents on each and then charge the county one dollar and forty cents for his services? The records show that he did.

True to Her Promise.

As illustrative of the average negro character a gentleman said that an old negro woman made application for the loan of \$5. He lent her the money and true to her promise, she returned it. That was several years since, and nearly every time she has seen him since she would accost him with the salutation: "Mr. Blank, you loaned me \$5 didn't you?" Well, I paid it back didn't I?" "That you did." "Well, don't you think you oughter give me a quarter?" The

gentlemen said he generally thought so, and that he had responded to her calls cheerfully.—*Albany News*.

The Senate Bill Cut in Sugar.

Its sole considerable reduction of protective duties is a cut in sugar. This one article is deliberately selected, to bear the burden of reduction for purely sectional and partisan reasons. Its selection has been dictated in part by a desire to appeal to the low passions of hate and revenge to win votes by tickling the animosity which some men are supposed to entertain toward men of the South, but the stronger reason for its selection is that the region supposed to be most deeply interested in sugar production is one which in no event would give an electoral vote to the Republican candidate and one, therefore, which it is perfectly safe for the Republicans to attack in its industries.

No Negro Magistrates.

The Republican press and speakers persist in saying there are more negro magistrates in the State now than there were under their favorite plan of county government.

Gov. Scales denies squarely that negroes have been appointed magistrates by the State Democratic Government. He says: "I feel safe in saying that there is not a negro Justice of the Peace holding a commission in North Carolina unless he was appointed and commissioned by a Republican Clerk of the Court. They have the right to appoint under certain circumstances and have appointed some negroes. As governor I have never appointed any but white men."

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Blowing Rock, N. C.
June 7th 88. 17